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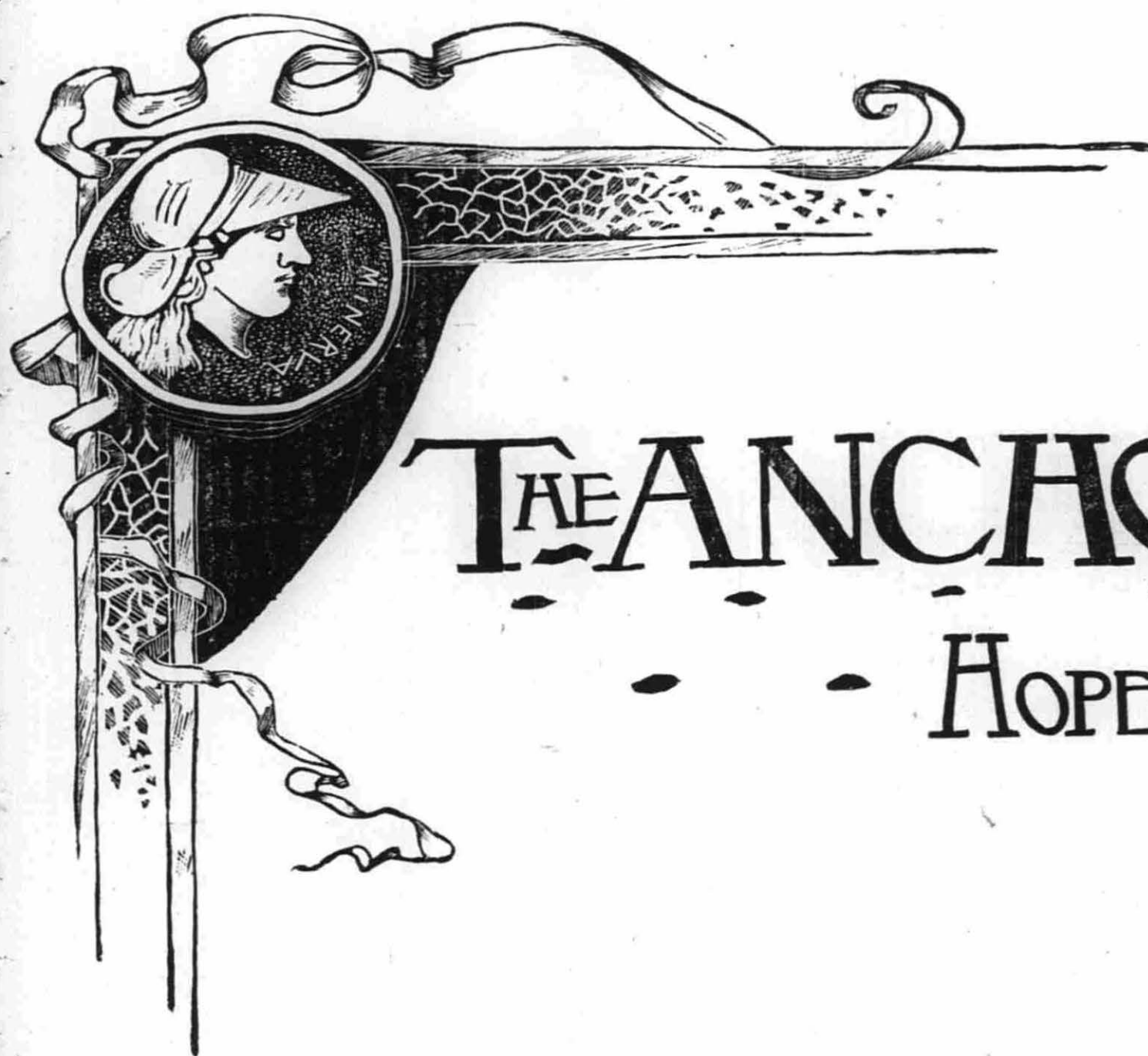
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THE ANCHOR.

HOPE-COLLEGE

CONTENTS:

EDITORIAL:

Page.

The Athletic Association 100

Competition..... 101

LITERARY:

Missionary Work in Newfoundland.. 101

Proper Use and Apportionment of
Time..... 103

LITERATURE:

Page.

The Doomed City..... 104

Prohibition..... 106

PERSONAL AND ALUMNI..... 108

COLLEGE NEWS..... 108

EXCHANGES..... 110

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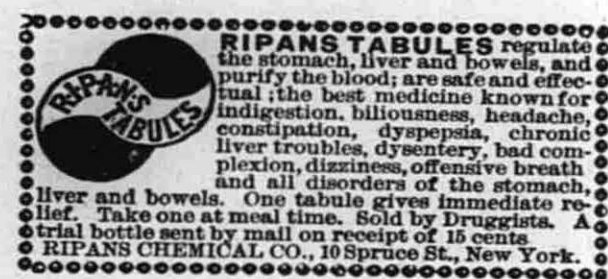
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"Tempus fugit." This is the unanimous verdict of students. When he first enters on grammar school life and thinks of the many years of study through which he must pass before he will complete his college course he is almost inclined to lay his head in his hands and think "How will I ever get through it?" But wait: lessons are assigned to him, gradually he becomes interested in his work and accustomed to his surroundings, and his work becomes a pleasure. Then indeed, as is the case with everyone whose time is well occupied, time seems to fly to go faster than it would if he were idle, until, before he realizes it, he stands on the dizzy heights (though probably they do not seem very dizzy to those who hold them) occupied by the senior class.

To the diligent worker the time seems short. Already we have entered on the third term of school year 1892-93. Two terms with their recitations and examinations belong to the past and the third will soon be over. This in the experience of every student (and very likely the faculty notices it also) is the worst term for study. Balmy spring with its many attractions often has more influence over a student than his lessons. It is necessary for the student to remember the old familiar phrase, "First work and then play," and then all will be well.

The second trial of the new system of examination was made at the close of the last term. We cannot help but think that it causes a great deal more work for the professors than the old system, but because it is a marked improvement, the work must be done, and the tendency to cram a long examination into too short a time must be avoided. The time assigned for examination should be in proportion to its length and not too short.

A casual reader of THE ANCHOR, hastily scanning the contributions to the last number and then reading the opinion editorially expressed in the same number that "a college journal should be an index of the literary advancement of the students," would be likely to say that we were not practicing what we preached, since there was only one contribution in it from a student. Tardiness in soliciting articles was the cause of this minority of student contributions. We will, as far as possible, give the students and alumni the rights due to them.

Anyone reading the article on Prohibition appearing in this number and then the editorial in the March number in regard to "Politics in the Anchor" would be inclined to say, "Aha! the editor has given in!" But let this not be inferred, because we are not going to make it a practice to publish political articles. The reason we admitted the answer to our Detroit

correspondent's article is because both sides of the question had not been considered in the Anchor during our administration, and we do not wish to give the impression that we favor the saloon, although by saying this we do not necessarily wish to imply that we are prohibitionists.

The April session of the Council of Hope College promises to be one of unusual interest on account of the election of a new president. It is needless to say that the election of a new college president is an event of the greatest importance for a college and especially for Hope. Hope College should have at its helm a strong, active, energetic, and at the same time careful and prudent man; a man in the full strength of life, and one whose powers are not impaired by the infirmities which frequently attend old age. The college has arrived at such a period in her history that it requires a man of "push." A new era has come in her career—an era of increased interest in her prosperity among the members of the Reformed Church, and the man at its head should be such as to keep up this interest and, if possible, increase it.

It is a remarkable feature that the students *in general* have not expressed their desire in regard to this matter; yet we know of *individual* students who have personal preferences in regard to the presidentship. Of course the voice of the students has very little power, as the election lies with the council, but nevertheless under such circumstances we may expect that the students have opinions on the matter. We have been asked several times whom the students wish to have as president, but of course could give no definite answer. That they are silent on the subject is not, we know, on account of indifference. May the Almighty direct the Council in their choice so that a man may be chosen who will be a good steward of His planting.

Although comparatively young in editorial work and experience, we have nevertheless, met with some of its discouragements. We suppose that our predecessors have also sometimes encountered the same difficulties, namely, those of getting students to contribute to the columns of THE ANCHOR. Up to this time we have not been particularly troubled in this respect, but now it is beginning. There is

nothing so discouraging in conducting a college journal as to receive a negative answer from anyone asked to contribute an article, and on the other hand nothing so encouraging as to hear a hearty, "Yes, I will." We have often been dismissed with the excuse, "I am too busy, I have no time." Let such bear in mind that the editor is also thus situated and that you would do him a great favor by giving an affirmative answer to all requests for contributions. The fact is that the I-have-no-time excuse is getting to be somewhat "thin." At the very beginning of vacation we wrote to a number of the students requesting them to compose articles for THE ANCHOR, giving them a month's time, two weeks of which was vacation, and yet came the refrain, "I have no time." We are glad to state that this has proved not to be the case with all the students. Although we came begging for an article yet by some we were hospitably and cordially received and obtained from them a promise that they would furnish one. This class of students is a great encouragement to an editor. Fellow students, please bear this in mind, and if any one of you has an article which he thinks might be interesting and suitable for publication, give it to us, and do not wait until we ask.

But let not the alumni think that, because we have addressed these words to the students they are not in a measure applicable to them also. We would give them the same advice that, whenever they have anything which they think would be interesting to the readers of THE ANCHOR, to send it to us.

THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

During the past term an athletic association was organized at Hope College. We believe that this is a move in the right direction and should meet with encouragement from faculty and students. It should be the aim of our college to turn out men well developed spiritually, intellectually, and physically. The two former have been provided for. How about the latter? Do not the pale faces of many of our students, the number who have broken down, and the inability of many alumni to stand the strains of active life show that a sad mistake has been made somewhere? Of course, at present our school is unable to furnish us with a gymnasium or a course in physical culture, but much may be done by the students themselves. What, for instance, is more invig-

orating than regular exercise in the pure, wholesome, out door air? To furnish this is one of the aims of the association. With this in view, base-ball, foot-ball, running, and tennis have been introduced, and systematic exercise in these games can be taken by those who desire it. At all times we should endeavor to prevent pleasures from interfering with our class-room work; but, on the other hand, it should be remembered that exercise is necessary to the maintenance of health, and that all the knowledge in the world would avail us naught without the physique necessary for its application.

Another thing that we would suggest, in view of the fact the present chapel will be vacated in the near future, is that it be devoted for use as a gymnasium. It is admirably adapted for this, and could be fitted up at a trifling expense. During inclement weather students are unable to obtain proper exercise within their closely confined rooms and such a building would therefore supply a long-felt want. Believing that a sound body is essential to a sound mind, we hope that this movement will meet with success.

COMPETITION.

We are glad to learn that a greater number of students than usual will compete for the Birkhoff prizes. It certainly is a pity that we as students do not welcome such prizes more than they have been in the past. Our institution needs friends and financial aid, and when a friend offers financial aid and at the same time strives to awaken a greater interest in certain branches of study, we certainly should show our appreciation of such kindness. The Birkhoff Prizes are the first established for competitive work, and if these are not appreciated how can we expect others to follow?

Why these prizes have been thus received we are not prepared to say, but two reasons suggest themselves. Either the majority of students are not sufficiently interested in the branches for which they are offered and do not wish to give them the extra amount of time necessary to prepare for successful competition; or, knowing that but one will be the winner of the prize, do not wish to be among those whom they look upon as defeated. If it be the former reason, then it shows a lack on our part, as students, of a sufficient interest in those branches of study, the training in which

will be of use to us every day of our lives, for all of us must use English and some expect to use their mother tongue, in filling positions where a college graduate cannot afford to show inability in the use of it. If it be the latter reason, then it would seem that we were striving only for the financial benefit and not for that which benefits us most. Certainly this is a strife in which there are no total defeats and where each is awarded, aside from the financial part, according to the work performed.

College is but a preparation for the active life which follows, and, as there is no vocation in which we can engage and find it free from competition, let us prepare here for active life by entering heartily upon our work, so that we may equip ourselves to fight life's battles and to bear its disappointments as well as its victories, knowing that he who strives earnestly does not strive in vain. And tho another may gain that which we desired, it should not cause disappointment or envy but inspire us to greater efforts.

Missionary Work in Newfoundland.

A few words first about the Aborigines of Newfoundland.

A very melancholy interest attaches to the Aboriginal people of Newfoundland, of whom, though once a numerous and powerful race, not a single individual remains in the country to recount the sad tale of departed glory, and the manner and circumstances of the passing of his progenitors to the happy hunting ground.

A tradition still lingers with the settlers of Northern Newfoundland, that the last few of this tribe, who were called Beoths, passed across the strait of Belle Isle in two canoes early in the present century, and, landing on the opposite coast of Labrador, disappeared. A Florentine writer of the sixteenth century tells us that the Beoths wore skins of wild beasts and that the women walked straighter than the men. They tied their hair on the top of their head like a wreath of hay. In their habits, manners, and customs these people resembled the Canadian Indian.

Like most other Indian tribes, the Beoths spent all their time in hunting and fishing. And, judging from the amount of fish found at present on the coast of Newfoundland, it must have been a paradise to the rude men.

The British Government did all they could

to preserve this race, and with every new governor a proclamation was given that all the subjects should live in peace and brotherly kindness with the native savages. But these proclamations seem to have been in vain, and a short time afterwards, the only traces that were visible of the unfortunate Beoths were a few grassy mounds, decaying deer fences, and ruined wigwams.

An interesting feature in the character of the Beoths was the reverence for their dead. They had four modes of burial according to the rank of the deceased. They worshiped the heavenly bodies.

So much about those early tribes. The population of Newfoundland to-day is exclusively British. They are an exceeding hospitable people. They are shrewd and intelligent. By this we do not mean to say that they are not ignorant, for so they are. They have good morals, and are eminently religious. The principal religious bodies found in Newfoundland, are the Church of England, Roman Catholic and Wesleyan. According to the last census they number 69,000, 76,000 and 50,000 respectively.

The usual way the mission work is carried on among those people is very interesting. As a rule, those missionaries who have a large number of stations visit each station twice during a year. Notwithstanding the kind hospitality of the people these missionary journeys are often very dangerous, especially in winter, the weather being so severe that the thermometer often falls to thirty or forty degrees below zero. The Rev. Fredric E. J. Lloyd describes quite lengthily one of those missionary journeys.

The missionary never travels alone, but there is always some one to see him safe to the next station. They travel on a kammutic drawn by dogs. They never get lost. It is a perfect wonder how these dogs will travel from sixty to a hundred miles a day. When one of their number becomes fatigued, he is urged on by his companions, who give him a savage bite; if he becomes totally unable, they tear him to pieces, and the driver cannot save him.

At one station a missionary gave a short notice of his intention to hold a morning service. When he came to the house he found it more than packed. At this place he first received four persons into church membership and married two couples; after service two

other persons arrived for the reception into church membership and a third couple to be married.

During a missionary's stay at a certain place, he is sure to visit every house in the place and has some special message of warning, exhortation, or comfort for each family. He distributes tracts and hymn books to the people, although this missionary, Rev. Lloyd, never had more than four persons in one settlement who could read and write.

A large part of both the Roman Catholic and Methodist missionaries are natives of the Colony, as also a large part of the Church of England. The members of the different churches live very peacefully with each other; and the priest and parson are always and everywhere a welcome guest.

In the part of Newfoundland where Rev. Lloyd has worked there was frequently a great deal of poverty, so that he had to minister to his flock in temporal wants as often as in spiritual. During one severe winter, when a large number of families were in great need, owing to a poor fishery, he was obliged to appeal to the Colonial Government for aid. He obtained hundreds of barrels of flour and some molasses for distribution among the needy, on condition that they should pay for the relief afforded, in some form of labor. Rev. Lloyd made use of this labor, and constructed a road to one of the churches, across an extensive swamp. A short time afterward many other roads were built by the people themselves.

The love for music in the colony is universal, and every family possesses a jews-harp and an accordeon. The hymns of Moody and Sankey are immensely popular, and there are but few indeed who are not familiar with "Come to Jesus," "Safe in the arms of Jesus," "Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By." They come for long distances to hear the minister's organ, which Rev. Lloyd had at his headquarters.

As has been mentioned the people are very religious. No one, except in the height of fishing season, stays at home when he could go to church; nor, although they are poor, are they unwilling to pay for their religion, but often to the extent of much self denial. One man, who lived 150 miles from Rev. Lloyd's head-quarters, always gave him a sovereign before he left. Every married man gives 4 dollars, and every single man 2 dollars per annum to the missionary. They never give less than silver at a collection.

According to this general description you will perhaps get a wrong idea of mission work in Newfoundland, that it is not at all difficult but rather attractive. But, although the people are very kind, yet the scene of their labor is not in the pleasantest country of the world, nor the conditions of life easy. We see the missionary trudging along a narrow pathway in some lonely forest; climbing the steep and rugged mountains; or battling with the waves in a small boat; flying over the glassy surface of snow and ice in the clear cold atmosphere of winter, if it be such, but, as is frequently the case, forcing his way against the fierce gusts of a snow storm, in order that he may supply the spiritual wants of his scattered flock. Although the missionary, as a rule, has a wife and family, yet when at length he reaches home, he is unable to share heartily the blessings of home, and when he is refreshed, duty again calls him away from home and thus his life is spent.

In other mission fields the missionaries are often encouraged by the prospect of succeeding, at some time or other, to positions of greater emolument and ease. But this is not the case in Newfoundland. Still the highest and best reward of faithful and unselfish service is certainly held before the Terra Nova missionary.

GERRIT HUIZINGA, '97.

Proper Use and Apportionment of Time.

On a celluloid calender hanging before me on the wall, I see the appropriate and emblematic inscription, "Time is but the moving Image, the Chrysalis of Eternity." How beautiful and how suggestive are the thoughts flowering in that short passage. What a sense of profundity and vastness, what a feeling of overpowering infinitude, what a thrilling impression of prodigious importance of the "Carpe diem," it does inspire!

Time is a sacred charge entrusted to us by God. We are its trustees; we may consider ourselves its depositaries. True we cannot exercise unbounded control over it, we can neither check its progress, accelerate its pace or alter its course, retard its velocity; ever onward and forward, with the same stern uniformity, the same relentless regularity. We cannot touch, taste or smell it; it is intangible and abstract; but we can often feel it, we can distribute it. We can neglect or improve, lose or gain, measure and divide or set apart time, hate

or enjoy it, steal or enrich it, load it with carking cares and blighted hopes and gloomy days or plant by its wayside a lily and a rose and a fuchsia, opening to admit the rays of the cheering sunbeams, spreading their leaves to exhibit their beautiful colors and outline, and making the air redolent with their fragrance and their perfume.

The individual share of the guardianship of time assigned us is in part intended for this world and in part for the next. Let each have their proper attention. The years allotted to us in this world we may conceive of as years of apprenticeship, in which we learn how to spend, to distribute and employ time. These years of apprenticeship give unmistakable evidence of our future life, show plainly our guerdon or our coming doom after our apprenticeship is ended. We have choice of being apprenticed to but one of two masters—but one course—

"Not many lives but only one have we—
One, only one.
How sacred should that one life ever be—
That narrow span.
Day after day filled up with blessed toil,
Hour after hour still bringing on new spoil."

The vast majority of men too late begin to serve as apprentices. Lured on by the siren voices of pleasure and various amusements falsely so-called, or delaying and temporizing, they have passed milestone after milestone along the stream of life, have stood shivering on its banks, but never manfully plunged in, to battle with the winds and waves, have clogged the wheels of progress and of time by overcharging it with promises for the morrow and left the axle to run dry by delaying to put on the oil of fruitful action and the fat-oozings of honest intentions, until jogging along at the bottom of the hill on a rough road, by the jolting and the jerking they perceive with anguish of mind the end of life near and no preparation even begun for eternity. Ah! "We have no time to sport away the hours. All must be earnest in a world like ours."

'Tis sad to find how many there are who reverse the Dutch saying: "Never postpone till to-morrow, what you can accomplish to-day," and make it, Never accomplish to-day, what can be postponed till to-morrow. And the morrow never comes—it is illusion it is a phantom, an apparition, a mockery—like the horizon to the little boy, who wanted to climb up the blue sky—always in sight but just that far away—like

"The hindmost chariot-wheel accursed
still to be near but ne'er to be the first."

We must not delay, not put off till to-morrow; we must be economical in the use of time; we must rightly value it. We must consider it not absolutely, but relatively; think of it not as though shipped to us in bulk but in parcels—in minutes and seconds. When we think of time as a portion comprising a lifetime, we diligently and very earnestly seek to lengthen it out; but when we look at it as given to us in days and hours we squander it with inconsiderate profusion and often impatiently wish the day were ended.

Let us pay heed to the hours struck by the great clock of Time, swinging in the dome of space, let its solemn tones strike a responsive chord in our lives, let the inscription we all may read below the face-card: "Una ex horis," with the picture of a skull by its side, meaning, "one of these hours death comes to you," find frequent utterance on our lips.

Up then! No time to waste! Attend to your business! Let not business drive you but you push business. Be mindful of the fact that sedulous and devoted attention to any legitimate business begets application; application in turn brings accuracy; accuracy presages system and method; method makes punctual, and punctuality effects dispatch, and all together combine to create wealth, contentment, wisdom, and joy.

Unremitted attention to detail lies at the root of human progress; genius is but the misnomer for diligence; an enormous amount of work done in a short space of time can be, and is the result of assigning each task its proper time and devoting every minute thereof to its completion. Gibbon was in his study at six o'clock every morning of every day in the year. Burke was an indefatigable and laborious worker Cicero almost killed himself by study. Raphael lived but 37 years, but in that short life so far perfected his art that all his successors look upon him as their paragon.

The life of every great man is a life of intense application, severe toil, incessant labor. They grow stronger from the first. They are schooled in the use of time; they count the minutes. They plan the transactions for each day, they stretch a thread across the maze of their busy life as a guide to the direction of their efforts. They build up the minutes like the coral insects the reefs, until in one grand, solid mass of experience and material, unshakable and immutable, they tower above their deep waters and rise above the commonplace and

astound the world by the spell of their deeds and the magic of their words.

Where no plan is laid and no diligence asserted, where the disposal of time is surrendered to the whims and chance of incidents, there we stumble at every step; there is no foundation or successive stage of progress in building; there the minutes, the bricks of Time, lie scattered through chaos and never build a mount to rise above the trite and commonalty.

Nelson said: "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." He who rightly and orderly distributes time, is redeeming time, prolonging time, lives much in a little space, and more in few years than others in many.

"So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-revolving thing of power."

J. VAN DE ERVE, '95.

The Doomed City.

Peacefully reposes the fair city upon the banks of the placid stream. The toil of day is over and quiet reigns in all the homes. Families are gathered around the fireside, feeling happy and blessed in each others presence. Fathers are speaking of the work done during the day that has gone, and of new duties awaiting them on the morrow. Mothers are lulling their darlings to sleep and feel secure and safe in their happy home. Children are frolicking through the house, not yet tired of their daily sport. Young men are preparing themselves to meet the maidens of their heart, who are fondly awaiting their coming in some distant home. Joy is on their faces and there is no thought of approaching evil in their hearts. Gaily and blithely the birds are singing their farewell songs to the departing day. A gentle wind is softly sighing through the stately trees, which are ready to burst forth in all the glory of the opening season of the year. The lights are lightly swaying in the breeze, making all sorts of fantastic pictures upon the walls of the houses. In the lofty steeple hangs the slowly tolling bell which calls the people to worship the Creator of everything. The stars above are twinkling with delight over such a scene, while in all the sky not a cloud is visible, except far off near the southern horizon a small cloud is seen drifting hither and thither; but no one for a moment imagines that danger may be lurking behind that insignificant phantom in the sky. The day has

been warm and the people delight in the cool breeze of the evening.

Rapidly that small cloud grows larger. Soon the whole southern sky is one dark mass of threatening clouds. Vivid flashes of lightning leap from cap to cap, while already is heard in the distance the low murmur of thunder. With alarming swiftness the dark mass approaches. The pleasant breeze has become a fierce wind; the low murmur of the thunder has changed to a loud roar as of a thousand cannon, sounding the hoarse and terrible cry of destruction; the distant flaring of the lightning has changed to an almost continuous chain of fire along the southern heavens.

Peace has fled from the city, and sudden fear has taken its place. The birds have ceased their songs, and are hiding their heads under their trembling wings. The trees are bending and groaning as the storm sweeps through their reluctant branches. The peaceful and quiet stream is changed to a foaming and seething river. Breathless silence reigns in every house as they listen peacefully to the approaching storm. Through the curtained windows is seen the quick glare of the dreaded lightning, while the deep and angry roar of the wind and thunder strikes terror to the stoutest heart.

Suddenly a loud roaring—a heavy groaning—a terrible quaking of the house—a creaking and splintering of beams and boards—and all is over. The mother lies breathless at the feet of her husband. The children fly to his arms or fall upon the prostrate body of their mother shrieking and crying for help. And the father?—silent, immovable, with his hands folded, his eyes raised to heaven, a deathly pallor upon his brow, he sits in his chair, dumb with terror. Frantic with fear the children call upon their father, and climb upon his knees to seek shelter from the terrible doom.

At length his sense returns, the color is restored to his cheeks, he opens his eyes, but how fearful the sight he looked upon. He would fain have closed them again, and for ever, were it not that his fatherly instinct stirs him to action to succor his helpless family. There at his feet lies his beloved wife, she who has been to him a solace and comfort in many a sad hour of trial. Trembling and shivering with fright stands before him his youngest child, a blooming little girl of three, but her face has become pale with fear. Huddled around him on every side are his other children.

Never till now did he know how dear they were to his heart. The roof of the beautiful home is gone, and the walls have been nearly torn asunder. A sad spectacle to behold!

Gradually the mother is restored to her senses, but when on opening her eyes she sees the stars shine above her, she closes them once more till hearing that all her dear ones are safe, she reopens them and gazes around her utterly bewildered and astonished. Slowly she regains her strength and sense. The father again solemnly clasps his hands, not now in anguish and fear, but in thankfulness to the Father who watches above the stars, for the preservation of his dear ones in this dreadful hour.

The storm has passed, and how has it left the city? Alas, What a ruin! Gone are its beautiful homes; heaps of ruins mark the spots where have stood the costly and magnificent dwellings. Its churches, whose spires have pointed for many years to that bright vault above, now stand ruined and desolate, their roofs carried away by the strong arm of the hurricane, while their lofty steeples lie crumbled in the dust. Where one may turn, ruin and desolation meet his view. The streets once so beautiful, with their leafy arches reaching from side to side are an impassable heap of rubbish and stumps. The tall and stately poplars lie in their full length along the walks where they stood as sentinels to guard the lovers strolling between their ranks. The strong and kingly oaks are planted in the middle of the street, roots uppermost, as if in ghastly mockery of all their fancied security and strength. The storm has made a plaything of the most stable and immovable obstacles which it encountered in its course. Even the stones in the streets were torn from their places and hurled with relentless violence through windows and doors and roofs, causing havoc and ruin throughout the city. In a few moments this city, once so peaceful and prosperous, has been changed to a heap of ruins, and spoiled of all its grace and beauty.

Its inhabitants are running wildly and aimlessly about, searching for dear ones who may have been engulfed in the common ruin. Mothers run frantically hither and thither, with the look of anguish and despair upon their faces, loudly bewailing the loss of their darlings. Fathers, suffering untold agonies, are tearing away the ruined remains of what was once their home, expecting to find beneath them the

bodies of their loved ones. It is a sad scene,—ruin and destruction following so closely upon happiness and security.

Amid all this turmoil and hastening hither and thither, there stands one man, calm and silent. His silver locks are streaming wildly about his pale and wrinkled brow. He looks upon the sad spectacle around, and it seems as though his heart fails him. His knees quiver, his brow contracts; once more he looks hurriedly about, casts his hands towards heaven, and with a loud shriek falls forward—dead.

For many years he had wandered amongst the citizens of that town, ignored and shunned. The oldest inhabitant remembered him—how he was wont to walk among the cottages of the newly built hamlet, when the first settlement was made, how he always muttered some unintelligible words as he looked frowningly at the rows of trees just planted on the river bank. No one knew his name. Mysteriously he had appeared amongst them, quietly and alone he had lived, and mysteriously he now dropped from their view amidst this universal wreck.

When he was found, they discovered with him a small piece of paper, wrinkled, moth-eaten, and crumpled with age, and on it were these words written in a firm hand:

Mary, my beloved wife, and our five darlings, lie buried beneath the soil on the banks of this stream. A stormwind swept their breath away. Destruction shall be upon the man who disturbs their slumbering remains, and doomed shall be the city built upon this bank.

H. H.

And beneath it, in scrawling letters, written with a trembling hand:

"The doom has come. I die in peace."

LEGOP, '93.

Prohibition.

Dear Anchor:—I am afraid those who have read the article on prohibition, and its editorial comments on the same, in the Jan. number, will now conclude that perhaps the college paper is friendly towards the saloons. This, of course, will not do. Neither will it do to let the statements of our friend and brother alumnus, who knows how to handle the pen as well as the sword, and of whom we are all proud, pass by unchallenged. I am sure there are too many alumni and alumnus who will take various exceptions to what brother Gardner says.

Please allow me a review of his article, and let me assure you there shall not be any party politics in what I may have to say. First, let me state emphatically that prohibitionists do not "not consider themselves one of the national political parties." It is unfair to judge a whole by a part. In this case the premise is false—untrue.

There are two classes of persons who always detest prohibition very thoroughly, and who are always ready to strike at it.

1st.—The whiskey "crowd" (?)—(a) Those who are engaged in the liquor "business"—(b) those who in one way or another profit by the nefarious traffic, and—(c) those who love their drinks and use it "moderately" as a "beverage" for "the stomach."

2nd.—That large class of people who bearing the image of God, yet lack conscientiousness. Their moral sense is thin or dead. They are indifferent to anything which does not come very near to them. They are intensely selfish. They are intensely selfish in their religion, when they profess any (as they often do), and their piety is of an ecclesiastical sort. They are loudly orthodox—aggressively—(often devilishly,) so. Church and religion are great things with them, *because it is their church*. This class lacks the good Samaritan, the Christ spirit. We might in passing mention a third class, always too numerous in this world, who have no decided convictions at all—no moral stamina, who do not care particularly even to understand the great issues of the times.

It is with the liquor evil as it was with slavery in abolition days. The slave holders and those who were directly or indirectly interested in the profits from the traffic were *for* slavery. Here was another class which was indifferent as they are to-day in the drink slavery. They were in the pulpits, many of them, and everywhere throughout the North. I remember they were called copperheads. In 1860 and '62 the South built its hopes of success in the war largely upon them. They defended slavery with the Bible, many of them. Poor snufflers, most of them have gone to their account, but *their* progeny are here snuffling for the saloon power. I have heard the same apologies which this article of our friend contains, every day, for the past six years, and I tell you it makes me awful tired. It usually comes from one of two classes of persons; either from the whiskey "crowd," or from the

tipplers who like drink "moderately," when I hear a Dakotan bring forward these "arguments," I expect to smell liquor in his breath, and I tell you the test seldom fails! Our brother alumnus does not belong to any of the classes mentioned. No man of Hope does. He simply labors under a misapprehension of a few principles. He does not understand the fundamental principle. I know he will see it now. Let me state clearly that prohibition means this: *An evil thing must not be allowed under the subterfuge of regulating it.*

That LICENSING an evil is a sin against God and against humanity.

He assumes falsely that *prohibition* is only a "METHOD" of dealing with the drink evil. Now who *do* the "educating of the minds of the young" any how? Hypocrites clamor against missions. "Preach the Gospel to the heathen at home," they say. Who *do* that preaching any way? The anti-mission mothers? Just so here.

"The worst forms of liquor traffic are in prohibition states" says our friend. He refers of course, to the sneaking way in which it must be carried on at all, under existing laws in these states.

This is mere saloon court—the wail of disappointed devil! I hear that every day. You see, it depends upon what kind of a devil people prefer. Instead of dwelling in gilded electric-lit gin-palaces, he is here driven forth into the dark cellars, corners and by-ways. Let me tell you that most *good* people do not want a slicked-up, gilt-edged *respectable* devil.

Give me a sneak of a devil who must wander like a vagabond and an outlaw in the dark places of the earth! Set a mark upon him blacker than that on Cain, so I may know him and he may be hunted.

Any body who says that "prohibition pretends to regulate the consciences of the community," simply does not know what he is talking about and ought at once to review Dr. Waylands text book. It is all bosh—hole-in-the-wall talk.

That "unanimous sentiment" is necessary to enforce prohibition laws, is untrue as it stands in that article. So far as this is true it is true of all laws, and that a law is transgressed does not condemn a law. There is still homicide. Our friend cannot find among prohibitionists persons of "average intelligence." What sinister stuff this is. That comes home—awful close! Poor Kansas, Dakota, Iowa! Poor mil-

lions everywhere, including most preachers of the Gospel and a majority of the church members!

I suppose, really, intelligence has departed from them and the mantle has fallen upon our alumnus. (I know you don't mean it that way brother G., but it reads that way all the same.)

And now come to that squeamish saloon wail about which they are so much concerned. "They are now paying *no* tax." *License sin! Pay a premium upon sin!* How misleading this wail is! Who pays the tax, any way? I say no christian must for a moment countenance such an evil principle. No, we prohibit the dram shop just as we do the brothel and on the same ground.

But here follows a statement that shocks us all. What? does prohibition get no encouragement from the Christ? This is terrible arraignment, it not blasphemy, and must not be tolerated nor go unrebuked. Brother Gardener, inadvertently, passes right by the very principles and spirit of Christ and Christianity just as he does the principles of prohibition. Now let me state emphatically that *licensing an evil is peculiarly at variance with every christian principle*. What man, I ask, could conceive of Christ and his disciples going about saying: Here, you wretches, you may go on with this evil but you must "pay a tax?"

I tell you this is too bad! Better drop the Koran and study the Christ and Christian principles. I tell you friends this is no question to make light of, but one that demands our earnest thoughts. Let us try to read history correctly.

They persecuted the prophets who tried to lead the people to a higher life. They crucified Him who came to show the people higher life. The Reformation was contested at every step. The slave received his freedom, but dark and bloody days preceded it, and no doubt the bottle will go hard before this great evil curse which hangs so heavy upon the world is removed; but there *is* progress, and I want to tell you dear Anchor, that you must pitch your key to a higher standard than that of the article in question if you would do your whole christian duty to this, and that there is only our position for the sincere christian to take and to maintain, viz.: no compromise with evil and the devil. The devil himself can't stand being branded as an outlaw and hunted like a fugitive; therefore he uses the

really good and true if he can as tools and gets them to say: "Now really this is to bad for the devil. Let us place him in a gilded palace, and set him under police surveillance.

Yours faithfully,

STEPHEN J. HARMELING.

MARION, March 15, 1893.

PERSONAL AND ALUMNI.

According to last reports, Melis, '96, is very seriously ill.

Miss Christine Van Duren spent part of her vacation in Fennville.

Reeverts, of the Seminary, preached in Hamilton last Sunday.

J. Ossewaarde has again resumed his studies with the Freshman class.

Henry Van der Lei, formerly a student at Hope, was in town this week.

Rev. Du Bois of N. J. conducted the chapel exercises last Tuesday morning.

Rev. M. Kolyn has declined the call extended to him from Orange City, Ia.

J. Van der Meulen, '95, is teaching school near his home in Cawker City, Ia.

Dimnent, '96, is reported to have had a hilarious time at Hamilton last term.

Prof. and Mrs. Doesburg visited their daughter, Mrs. Gallagher of Chicago, during vacation.

Rev. A. H. Strabbing has accepted the call to the Third Reformed Church of Kalamazoo.

Prof. Kollen attended the funeral of Mr. H. Vedders of Grand Rapids, last Tuesday, April 18.

S. J. Menning, formerly of the present seniors, has received a call from La Fayette Ind.

Albers, Kollen, McBride, and Gilmore of the University, spent their vacation in Holland.

We entered our sympathies to S. Van den Burg who has been sorely bereaved in the loss of his mother.

Mr. Veldman, of the Seminary, entertained his Sunday School class at Mrs. Van der Ploeg's a short time ago.

Geo. Gillies, at one time a member of the present Freshman class, is now editor of a paper, named "The Motor," at Milo, Ia.

Wm. P. Hazenberg, of Johannesburg, Transvaal, is on his way to America, and Rev. A. Oltmans will embark for America in May.

Rev. S. J. Harmeling, '78, desires to thank Mr. Coster, '87, for his kindness in replying to the article on the Papaw.

Six new members have joined the "D" class this term: Misses Minnie Van Slooten and Jennie Wielandt of Holland, and Messrs Brouwer, Beeuwkes, and Overweg.

Prof. P. A. Latta, retiring commissioner of schools for Allegan County, was surprised with a magnificent set of Dickens' works by the teachers at the recent institute held at Allegan.

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Senior Examinations, April 25 and 26.

Dehn is interested in works of "Steele."

Tysse is earnestly considering whether he is the happy owner of a mustache or not.

Dijkhuizen and Ferwerda spent last vacation in Kalamazoo. It seems to be a very attractive city.

The Sophomores have been granted the privilege of taking an elective study instead of Analytical Geometry.

Students desiring to have their ANCHOR forwarded during their absence from town should leave their address with the P. M.

Seniors and Theologians are making their farewell calls before leaving town. There are lonesome months ahead for some.

The Park House Club begins the new term with a new corps of officers. J. W. Te Selle performs the steward's duties, with J. M. Van der Meulen as Sec.

The Cosmopolitan Society has elected the following officers for the term: Pres., John M. Van der Meulen; V. Pres., John J. Mersen; Sec., Ed. Kelder; Treas., Fred. Lubbers.

Possess your souls in peace, Seniors. The Scripture passage recently read in the chapel, "A little while and the wicked shall be no more," was not especially meant for you.

There need be no doubt as to Gerritsen's popularity among the students. As a proof of this it is but necessary to refer to his cordial reception in the chapel at the opening of the term.

Hope has some promising young orators. Altho somewhat modest and bashful in the presence of classmates, some brilliant speeches have been delivered by them at country school exhibitions.

A new association has sprung into existence, among the students, for the purpose of promoting physical exercise. Base ball, foot ball, running, and tennis will be used for developing physical strength.

G. Wakker Toren, formerly a member of the present Junior class, has resigned his position as foreman in the printing department of the Reform School at Lansing and has accepted a similar position in South Dakota.

Prof. Nykerk recently afforded considerable amusement to those who were fortunate enough to see him chasing his hat over a muddy road. He at last regained possession, but not until it was pretty well coated with mud.

Prof. Doesburg recently had the honor of being elected as a member of the Modern Language Association of America. This association has its headquarters at Johns Hopkins University and to be a member of it is considered a rare honor.

At the last business meeting of the Meliphone Society, the following officers were elected for the third term: Pres., T. Rozendal; Vice Pres., Jac. Brummel; Sec., Jacob Van Ess; Treas., Henry Sluyter; Sergeant-at-arms, Conrad Tasche; Marshal, A. Van Oeveren.

Contributors to the Anchor should bear in mind that the name of the author should accompany all contributions. Unless this is done the contributions will not be "run in." If the party who sent us a parody on "Have you ever noticed that?" will acquaint us with his name, the poem might be published.

During the vacation a prominent senior undertook undertaking. This does not signify that he undertook undertaking by his undertaking the role of undertaker, but simply that he undertook the undertaking of undertaking. While carrying out his undertaking he did not undertake everything connected with undertaking, but his undertaking was limited to such parts of the art of undertaking as making coffins and driving the hearse for the undertaker.

The Commencement exercises of the Theological Seminary were held on Wednesday evening, April 26. The graduates were S. J. Menning, H. J. Pietenpol, and P. Siegers. Mr. Pietenpol addressed the audience on "Catholicity of spirit compatible with attachment to her standards, a characteristic of the Reformed church." This address was in the English language. Mr. Siegers spoke on, "Een verge-

lijking van de Deutsche met de Zwitsche Reformatie" in the Dutch language. Rev. J. F. Zwemer of the Board of Superintendents gave an address on the subject, "First man, then minister."

The Anchor is exceedingly glad that it is able to publish part of one of the finest addresses of the season, recently delivered by Jansen, "A," at a country school exhibition: Following is his address:

"Fellow citizens, Friends, Countrymen and Farmers.

You come here to-night to hear your children speak, and I do not blame you. Ye need not kneel to kings or despots. Ye are kings yourselves on your small farms, some forty acres, some eighty acres, some more acres. But there are some things here to-night that displease us. They have showed pistols on the stage. Yea, and they have even fired them thus endangering life and limb. Is that the way to rear your children in the paths of wisdom and knowledge?"

The third annual Junior Exhibition took place last Monday evening. An interesting program was carried out. The orations delivered by Messrs. Tysse and Dykema were fine efforts. The Eupsalian Orchestra, ever in demand on such occasions, rendered some very fine selections. The class was very fortunate in securing two of their former classmates, Miss Harriet Hanson and Mr. A. C. V. R. Gilmore to render vocal solos on this occasion, and they did it in a very acceptable manner. The "Relief of Leyden" was vividly pictured in a reading given by Mr. Swart. One of the features of the program was the presentation of the photos. of the Alumni, which was done by Arthur Van Duren. Of course, the pictures of all the graduates have not been received, but the class hopes to have a complete collection soon. The class prophecy revealed with unerring exactness the future of the members of the class. Wm. J. Van Kersen was burdened with the responsibility of being the interpreter of the oracle. Wm. Dehn presented the history of the class in a witty and lively manner. He presented the history of the members of the class quite fully and especially in their æsthetic relations. Strange to say, however, although he did not neglect to mention the shower bath which he and the historian and prophet of last year enjoyed, (?) his own æsthetic relations were somewhat left in

the dark; yet he said this much, that he and his partner expected some time to relieve some other persons of their cumbersome Dutch names, and that the tide is turning that way is quite well known among the students and the faculty.

EXCHANGES.

A new translation of Virgil. *Stant litore puppes.* Puppies stand on the shore. Ex.

The Anchor is a bright, newsy, sheet. The contents are varied and not tiresome. —*Memo-syncean.*

Dentist—"Don't open your mouth any wider, please. I intend to stand outside when I extract your tooth."—Ex.

The Anchor, of Hope College, Holland, Michigan, is an interesting paper, having many agreeable features. —*High School Gazette.*

A student in Latin, being confined to his room by illness, was called upon by a friend. "What, John," said the visitor, "sick, eh?" "Yes," replied John, "Sic sum."

Street-car conductor: "How old are you, my little girl?" Little Boston girl: "If the corporation does not object, I'd prefer to pay full fare, and keep my own statistics." —*Fuck.*

The new scheme, the "college senate," where by the students are admitted to a share in the government of the college, has been adopted by Denver University as well as by Amherst.

He could draw anything on earth,

But sir, he met his death

Because, at forty years from birth

He couldn't draw his breath.

Central Luminary.

The college phrase "not in it," is not as new as many would suppose, for it was used by Euripides more than two thousand years ago, in his *Meleager*, when he says, "Cowards do not count in battle; they are there, but not in it."

THE YOUTH'S CYCLOPAEDIA, issued by C. B. Beach & Co., of Chicago, is, educationally considered, the most important publication of recent years. It has been prepared by a corps of teachers and educational writers expressly to meet the needs of the young, and supplies a want which teachers and parents have long and deeply felt.

It is sold by subscription and is having an enormous sale. Any one wanting an agency which offers rare advantages, should consult the advertisement of this work which appears in another column.

COLLEGE SOCIETIES, ETC.

ULFILAS CLUB, (Dutch) meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock in V. V. H.
President, G. Tyssie.
Secretary, W. S. Gruijs.
MELIPHONE SOCIETY, meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock in Grammar School building.
Alpha Section, Philomathean Section.
Pres., J. G. Theilken, Pres., A. L. Warshuis.
Sec., Jerry Winter, Sec., J. Meengs.
PRAYER MEETING, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, in G. S. B. All are welcome.
FRATERNAL SOCIETY, meets Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock in council rooms.
The SORORAL SOCIETY meets alternate Monday evenings at 7 o'clock.
President, Miss Anna Alberti.
Secretary, Miss Christine Van Duren.
Y. M. C. A., meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in G. S. B.
President, J. L. De Jong.
Secretary, Ben. Hoffman.
EUPHONIAN ORCHESTRA, meets every Friday at 1:30 o'clock.
Director, H. Jurgens.
COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY, meets every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
President, Jas. Stenborg.
Secretary, B. Dykstra.
PRAYER MEETING OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL, every Friday evening at 7 o'clock.
GERMAN CLUB, meets Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.
THE COLLEGE LIBRARY is open every Tuesday and Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock. Free reading room.

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Recent discoveries have demonstrated that all the organs of the body are under the control of the nerve centers, located in or near the base of the brain, and that when these are deranged the organs which they supply with nerve fluid are also deranged. When it is remembered that a serious injury to the spinal cord will cause paralysis of the body below the injured point, because the nerve force is prevented by the injury from reaching the paralyzed portion, it will be understood how the derangement of the nerve centers will cause the derangement of the various organs which they supply with nerve force.

Two-thirds of chronic diseases are due to the imperfect action of the nerve centers at the base of the brain, not from a derangement primarily originating in the organ itself. The great mistake of physicians in treating these diseases is that they treat the organ rather than the nerve centers which are the cause of the trouble.

Dr. FRANKLIN MILES, the celebrated specialist, has profoundly studied this subject for over 20 years, and has made many important discoveries in connection with it, chief among them being the facts contained in the above statement, and that the ordinary methods of treatment are wrong. All headache, dizziness, dullness, confusion, pressure, blue mania, melancholy, insanity, epilepsy, St. Vitus dance, etc., are nervous diseases, no matter how caused. The wonderful success of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nerve is due to the fact that it is based on the foregoing principle. Dr. Miles' RESTORATIVE NERVE is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent direct by Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, \$1 per bottle, six bottles for \$5, express prepaid. It contains neither opiates nor dangerous drugs.

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